



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).



"What Indian tribe are you?" I asked Mrs. Lockley. "Cherokee." — "And how many of you?" — "Thousands 'pon top of thousands. Dere's only us up dis way; but you'll see more down to Maxton, an' mo' an' mo' in Pembroke an' Lumberton."<sup>1</sup> — "And why do they call you 'Cruatan'?" It was the way a white farmer of Scotch descent had referred to them the day before in telling me how much they kept to themselves, mixing with neither whites nor colored; how they had a different "tone" in speaking, "sounds French" (I failed to notice it in any instance); and how they were "a very kind people until they got mad," — testimony to their "fierce temper," when aroused, that I got later from whites and Negroes. "Dey nice people," said one Negro; "but if you get dem against you, dey kill yer." — "We tend to our business," an Indian put it, "don't boder with other people."

"Why Cruatan, or, as written, Croatan?" — "Because Ham McMillan gave that name," answered Mrs. Lockley. "Several years ago he went to Washington to see about the Indians' rights." Later, farther down the river and in the town of Pembroke, on asking the same question, I got the same answer; and in one log-cabin house the very government publication which sets forth the Croatan tale of the lost tribe from Roanoke Island was shown to me, — "Indians of North Carolina" (Senate Document No. 677), 1915. The McMillan theory has become or is becoming a legend of the country, for in the store at Pembroke the town authority on Indian history was called in to repeat it to me.<sup>2</sup> The narrator was kinsman of Henry Berry Lowrie, an outlaw equal in local fame to Jesse James; and the narrator was reputed to be one of the band that kept Lowrie from being arrested, although "he must have killed two or three hundred head." The father of the Lowries was a white "from the North;" the mother, a Cherokee from Indian Territory.

The great Removal to Indian Territory was referred to by the town historian and by others.<sup>3</sup> "The people went away when I was a little girl," said one woman about eighty years old, "but a heap o' people staid." — "Why did your family stay?" — "I ruther stay where I was born an' raised." According to the town historian, the

<sup>1</sup> According to the census of 1910, there were in Robeson County 5,895 Indians; in Scotland County, 74 Indians; and all told there were 8,000 of these Indians in the Carolinas.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. McMillan's pamphlet on Sir Walter Raleigh's Lost Colony was published in 1888. In 1885 the Legislature of North Carolina decreed that the Indians of Robeson County were to be known as "Croatan Indians." In 1911 the Legislature changed the name to "Indians of Robeson County," and in 1913 to "Cherokee Indians of Robeson County" (Senate Document No. 677, pp. 28-30).

<sup>3</sup> And yet there has been no connection, it is said, between these lowland Indians and the Cherokee nation (Senate Document No. 677, p. 236).

last speaker of the Cherokee language, one Will Lockler,<sup>1</sup> died about eight years ago. Mr. Lowrie himself knew a few words, — *waka*<sup>2</sup> ("cow," Spanish *vaca* 1), *sola* ("good-morning"). I met nobody else who knew any Indian words at all. As for the few tales and riddles I gathered in, as well as certain unsophisticated beliefs, it is difficult to see in them any but Negro and white, presumedly Scotch, sources. Indeed, except for physical characters (and these, too, are mixed with white and frequently with unmistakable Negro characters) and except for manners (independence and a mixture of reserve and frankness), it is difficult, at least for the visitor, to see anything distinctively Indian about the people. The tie that mainly gives them a sense of community appears to be negative, — the will not to be classified with Negroes by the whites, to whom racial discrimination seems to be an indispensable condition of life. "Which are the nicer to get on with, — Indians, or colored people?" I asked one white woman. "Colored people," she answered. "If you don't treat de Indians as whites, dey get mad wid you." From hotels and drug-stores, "as far as the fountain goes," Indians are excluded; but they use the waiting-rooms and cars for the whites, "won't travel any other way," complained the railway officials; and, unlike the Negroes, they are not disfranchised. Nor do they vote consistently the Democratic ticket; their vote, according to their white critics, is purchasable and "wishy-washy." The country goes Democratic, but at the last presidential election the Indian vote went Republican. In recent years the State has provided separate schools; formerly they were quite illiterate, since they were not admitted into white schools, and to Negro schools they would not go. Their separate churches are Methodist and Baptist. The bridge near which I was for a time encamped was a place for baptizing, the river making a little bay, where "the Free-Will Baptists put you under all the way."

It was from this camp, to which there were many visitors from the near-by road leading into Maxton, three miles away, that my country acquaintance spread. And in one hospitable house a few hundred yards distant I spent hour on hour, watching the quilting that was in

<sup>1</sup> Lochlayah (Lochler, Locklear, Lochley, Lochlyear) is, according to Mr. McMillan, a native Cherokee name. It is largely on the matter of names that Mr. McMillan bases his argument for the European-Roanoke ancestry of the "Croatan." He finds a number of names of the lost colonists common names to-day among the Indians. He ignores the extreme unlikelihood of white captives, women and children, perpetuating their European names in a tribe which would undoubtedly give them Indian names and pay no attention to their European names; and he ignores the fact that the names of Raleigh's colonists, common Scotch or English names, were undoubtedly the names, too, of later immigrants to the Carolinas. The Indians, like the Negroes, have been taking their names from the whites for generations.

<sup>2</sup> Compare RBAE 19 : 265.

progress, riddling and story-telling, and learning odds and ends from the three generations of the household and from their visiting friends.

First of the quilting. From its attachment by ropes and leather loops (Fig. 1) to the ceiling, where it habitually hung, the wooden frame was unfastened by the mother of the family and placed on the floor. The lining and top of the quilt had already been sewed together on one side. This side, and the other three sides of the lining, — a stout, dark-blue cotton cloth, — were then sewed to the wooden frame, the stitching being from right to left. An ordinary thimble was worn on the middle finger of the right hand. Handfuls of raw

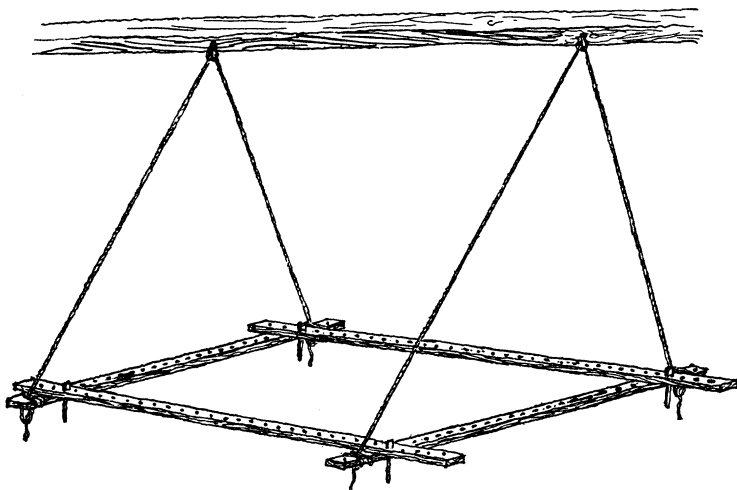


FIG. 1. Frame for Quilting.

cotton grown on the farm were brought out from the store and thrown by Mother on the cloth, where it was "beaten" with light "sticks" to separate it and get out the "trash." The girls joined in the switching, which was repeated three times; and the grandmother and little boys and I would collect the wisps of cotton as they flew about the room. Then Mother spread the cotton out evenly on the lining. She tied the frame to the ropes from the ceiling, and raised the whole about two feet and a half from the ground. The top of the quilt was spread over the lining and cotton. With a two-foot length of string, and a piece of chalk at the end, Mother "laid out" the arcs that were to be followed in stitching together lining, cotton, and top. Mother, the two girls, and a neighbor set to stitching at different points around the frame. By sundown the work was still unfinished, and the frame was raised overhead.

"Pieced up," or "done up" "with little bits," this quilt is known

as "string quilt" (Fig. 2). Other patterns are known as "crazy girl," "sweet gum-leaf," and "kukle burr or pine burr" (cone). Mother learned how to quilt from her mother, as the girls are learning now from Mother. Formerly, a decade or so ago, people would have large quilting-parties, likewise "a corn-huskin'" and "a pea-whippin'," when corn was to be husked or peas shelled. On these occasions a "big dinner" was supplied.

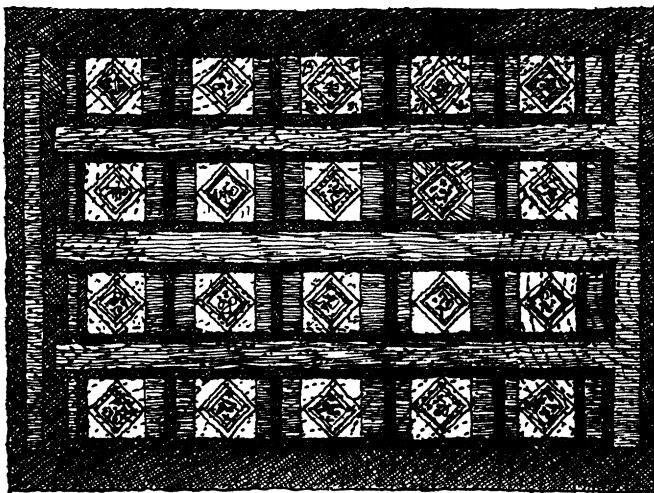


FIG. 2. String Quilt.

Telling riddles fitted in nicely, I found, with the quilting and with the grandmother's pipe. Mother did not smoke, but chewed. She was remarkably skilful in spitting into the fire from wherever she sat at the quilting-frame. She spat through the index and middle fingers of her right hand held to her lips.

#### RIDDLES.

1. Whitey went upstairs, Whitey come back down, and Whitey left Whitey upstairs. — *Ans.* White hen went up and laid a white egg.<sup>1</sup>
2. Red inside an' full of little niggers. — *Ans.* Watermelon.
3. It's white, it's green. An' inside it's full of little yaller niggers. — *Ans.* Muskmelon.
4. Life in de middle, an' dead on each end. — *Ans.* Plough.<sup>2</sup>
5. First thing you see is white. Nex' thing you see is green. Nex' thing you see is black. — *Ans.* Bra'berry (blackberry).

<sup>1</sup> Compare North Carolina (JAFL 30 : 204, No. 29).

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, No. 6.

6. Roun' as a riddle,  
Deep as a spring,  
Been de death of a many pretty thing.  
*Ans. Gun.*
7. Goes to water an' never drinks. — *Ans. Wagon.*<sup>1</sup>
8. Runs all day, an' stands at night wid his tongue stickin' out.  
— *Ans. Wagon.*<sup>2</sup>
9. Goes all day, an' sets under de table at night an' gapes for bone.  
— *Ans. Boot.*<sup>3</sup>
10. The ol' woman pulled it an' pitted it an' patted it,  
The ol' man off with his breeches an' jumped at it.  
*Ans. Bed.*
11. Hitty titty upstairs,  
Hitty titty downstairs.  
If you find hitty titty, it'll bite you.  
*Ans. Wasp.*<sup>5</sup>
12. Eleven pears are hangin' high,  
Eleven soldiers come ridin' by,  
Each man took a pear,  
An' left eleven hangin' high,  
*Ans. A man's name,—Each.*<sup>6</sup>
13. The more you cut it, the longer it gets. — *Ans. Ditch.*
14. You got it, you don't want it,  
You wouldn't take the wor' for it.  
*Ans. Bal' head.*<sup>7</sup>
15. What is a little boy goin' cross London Bridge a-cryin', sayin'  
his moder died seven years 'fo' he was born. — *Ans. His moder dyed  
a piece o' cloth seven years 'fo' he was born.*
16. Round as a saucer,  
Deep as a cup,  
Five thousand horses  
Can't pull it up.  
*Ans. Well.*<sup>8</sup>
17. Round as a biscuit,  
Busy as a bee . . .  
(The end forgotten.)  
*Ans. Watch.*<sup>9</sup>
18. Three legs up and six legs down. — *Ans. Man a-ridin' a horse,  
with a pot on his head.*<sup>10</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Compare North Carolina (JAFL 30 : 204, No. 20).<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, No. 22.<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.*, No. 39.<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, No. 25.<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.*, No. 50.<sup>6</sup> *Ibid.*, No. 13; p. 375 of this volume, No. 4.<sup>7</sup> *Ibid.*, No. 34.<sup>9</sup> *Ibid.*, No. 2.<sup>8</sup> *Ibid.*, No. 1.<sup>10</sup> *Ibid.*, No. 36.

19. Six sot, seven sprung.  
From the dead the livin' come.

*Ans.* Seven partridge set in a  
horse's head, ol' dead  
horse in de woods, and  
hetched.<sup>1</sup>

20. I went across London Bridge,  
I met a heap of people;  
Some was wix,  
Some was wax,  
Some was color of ol' chaw terbacker.

*Ans.* Swa'm o' bees.<sup>2</sup>

21. Narrow at the top,  
Broad at the bottom,  
Thing in the middle  
Goes flippity flop.

*Ans.* Churn.<sup>3</sup>

22. Why does a dawg carry a curl in his tail? — *Ans.* So de fleas  
can loop de loop.<sup>4</sup>

23. What goes all over the house and sets up in the corner at night?  
— *Ans.* Broom.<sup>5</sup>

24. What goes all round the house and leave but one track? — *Ans.*  
Wheelbarrow.<sup>6</sup>

25. What goes all the way 'round the house an' never comes in?  
— *Ans.* Path.<sup>7</sup>

After the quilting-frame was hung up and supper eaten, story-telling by the household and two or three women visitors was in order. One of these visitors had been mentioned to me before her arrival; and as she entered, she was greeted with, "Talk of de debil, his imp appear." The stock of stories was scant, and nobody present was a good story-teller. Mother told (1) "Playing Godfather," (2) "Rabbit makes Fox his Riding-Horse,"<sup>8</sup> (3) "Relay Race,"<sup>9</sup> and (4) "Over the Ground and under the Ground." She began her tales regularly with "Said dere was," — a Negro turn, — and, except for a comparative lack of vivacity, she told the tales exactly as would a Negro. Circumstances precluded taking the tales down at the time (the only

<sup>1</sup> Comparative, Bolte u. Polívka, XXII.

<sup>2</sup> Compare North Carolina (JAFL 30 : 202, No. 10).

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, No. 16.

<sup>4</sup> From the father of the family, who worked from 7 P.M. to 7 A.M. in an oil-factory at Maxton; wages, three dollars a night.

<sup>5</sup> Compare North Carolina (JAFL 30 : 202, No. 25).

<sup>6</sup> *Ibid.*, No. 9.

<sup>7</sup> *Ibid.*, No. 12.

<sup>8</sup> Compare Natchez (JAFL 26 : 195-196).

<sup>9</sup> Compare Cherokee (RBAE 19 : 270-271); Natchez, Creek, Hitchiti (JAFL 26 : 202-203).



light was the fire, around which, on the floor, lay the children, and the talk was freer without a note-book); but subsequently I recorded a few turns in the tales, and Tale No. 4 in full.

(1) "Half 'um" was the child's name.

(2) "Rabbit was goin' to see de girls." . . . "Carry a whip to whip de flies off," — of this point one of the little boys reminded his mother. The tale was particularly popular in the family. . . . "Told um to put spurs on, saddle on, bridle on."

(3) "Here me!" Ter'pin called out at de postés. . . . "Deer bust him up. An' dey tell me deer will kill ter'pin to dishyere day."

(4) "HOW JACK BEAT DE DEVIL.<sup>1</sup> — Dey have a farm togeder. Jack says to de Devil, 'You take what grows in de groun', an' I will take what grow over de groun'.' Dey plant corn. De nex' year Jack says to de Debil, 'You take what grows over de groun', an' I will take what grows in de groun'.' Dey plant pertaters."

Mother had known one other tale about Jack, about "how Jack sold himself to de Debil for seven years, and de Debil was to furnish him coal," but she had forgotten it. "Tar Baby"<sup>2</sup> was a familiar tale. "Dog and Dog-Head," "Escape up the Tree," and "Devil Bridegroom," — tales I had come from hearing over and over again in South Carolina, — were unfamiliar. "Little One-Eye, Little Two-Eyes, and Little Three-Eyes" was told, and the school reader shown me from which it was learned, thereby throwing light on the source of the tale as I had heard it elsewhere in North Carolina and but recently in the Sea Islands. But the tales or anecdotes most enjoyed that evening by every one were about witches. I told the story of the black cat and the miller's wife.<sup>3</sup> It was unfamiliar to the company, but Mother followed it up with what might be considered variants.

"Said was a woman an' her daughter tu'ned to a she-deer and young one. Man loaded his gun with quicksilver. Knowed he couldn' shoot her with nothin' but dat. Shot her in de leg. De nex' day de ol' woman was lame in de leg."

"Said that my grandfader was visitin' some girls. An' de ol' lady said she had to go fifty miles dat night. Saw a rabbit running past. 'Dat's moder,' said de girls."

Mother went on: "Witches would ride yer. Dey all had deir bridle. Would put a broom for yer in yer bed. Des as if Will an' me would be lying in de same bed, an' dey would ride me an' leave a broom; Will wouldn' know I was gone, wouldn' miss me. Nex' mornin' I would be tired to deat', an' ma hair all done up in knots. Would use ma hair for bridle an' bit."<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Title given by narrator. Compare Louisiana, Biloxi Indians (JAFL 6 : 48); North Carolina (JAFL 30 : 175, No. 7).

<sup>2</sup> Compare Cherokee (RBAE 19 : 271-272); Natchez (JAFL 26 : 194).

<sup>3</sup> See JAFL 30 : 196 (No. 54).

<sup>4</sup> Compare H. C. Davis, "Negro Folk-Lore in South Carolina" (JAFL 27 : 247).

*Grandmother.* Dey wouldn' hurt you.

*Mother.* Dey could tu'n demselves into what dey wanted.

*E. C. P.* How?

*Grandmother.* By a-greasin' demselves.

*Girl.* Granny, did yer ever see a witch?

*Grandmother.* No, I never seen a witch.

*Visitor.* Ain't you glad dat dose time is done away? Do you reckon dat sich people could ever get into de kingdom o' heaven?

*Mother.* No, 'cause dey has to sell demselves to de Devil. Dey say dere ain't nothin' you can't do if you sell yerself to de Devil.

*Visitor.* Grandma says she went to visit Annie, an' dat night she saw a heap o' black cat all one color. Would never visit Annie again.

*Mother.* Said dey was a-learnin' a girl to be a witch. Went into a store.

*Grandmother.* A cellar.

*Mother.* De girl spoke de name o' de Lord, an' tu'ned natchal. Dey tu'ned her back to a witch. She spoke de name o' de Lord again, an' tu'ned natchal again. Tu'ned her back again, but said dat nex' time dey would leave her dere. An' dey did. Found her dere de nex' mornin'. Say, witches could go t'rough keyholes. Had only to call any animal dey wanted to ride. Nex' mornin' horse sweatin' in de stable. Would have to say, 'Go t'rough thick' or 'Go t'rough thin,' des as dey wanted to go. Said once a man said, 'Go t'rough thick' when he wanted to say, 'Go t'rough thin,' an' what a ride he had dat night! Said he never would go out again.

*Grandmother.* Honey, dere used to be a heap o' witches.

Marking ten (cross) to keep off witches, or pouring out grain to delay them, as they would count it, were unfamiliar beliefs. — If you dream of new lumber, it is a sign of death, "sign yer goin' to lose some of yer kinsfolk." — "Dream of yaller clay, sign of a corpse." — "Say if you dream of being in a crowd o' people, some of dose people will die." — "If a horse shakes wid de gear on him, sign of death," or "if he brays at a buryin'." — Wear a new dress at a funeral, and you will not live to wear it out. — People "sit up" after a death, "prayin' an' singin' all night." Mirrors or glass-covered pictures are covered, and the clock is stopped, "so people won't have to ask de time of death."

For whooping-cough a syrup is made of swamp alder. — Poplar-bark is steeped for pelagra. For "de snake-bit," dollar-weed is a remedy. The bite of a "rattlesnake pilot" is worse than that of other rattlesnakes. — How to remove warts seems to be proprietary knowledge. Two or three persons were mentioned who could do it, "but dey wouldn' tell yer." In one case the curer would "jus" look at

'em." In another case of two warts, the warts were pricked, and a drop of blood put on two grains of corn.

For slow dentition the two front feet of the ground-hog may be hung about the infant's neck. To make a child walk, you should "sweep it *down* wid a new broom befo' you sweep de house wid it."

"If a rooyster crows on yer doorstep, sign of a stranger comin', — sure sign." — "If a rooyster crows after sundown, sign of hasty news or fallin' weather." — Pigs might be killed on the "full o' de moon" to make the meat "swell;" and corn might be planted at full moon or "whiles the moon a-growin'." About the efficacy of these methods for corn-planting my friends were doubtful, since they had planted both ways, and "it didn' make no diffunce."

"Ol' Christmas," twelve days after Christmas, "Praise Day," is or was treated (the custom is passing) like Sunday; people would do no work. That night the domestic animals go down on their knees, and "Praise Day breaks [dawns] twice." Chickens come down from their roost; "it gets dark again, and dey have to go back — I seed it." Rosemary and poke "put out — I seed it."<sup>1</sup>

"Rich man, poor man, fit de beggarman," or, "Rich man, poor man, beggarman, t'ief," is said to prognosticate a mate; and the counting is done on the "thorns" of the holly-leaf. It is a country of mistletoe as well as holly, but the custom of kissing under the mistletoe is unfamiliar.

<sup>1</sup> Compare North Carolina (JAFL 30 : 208).